The Penman's Paradise:

OR, A

NEW COPY-BOOK,

OF THE

English, French and Italian

HANDS,

After the Best MODE;

Adorn'd with about an Hundred *New* and *Open*

FIGURES AND FANCIES,

Never before Publish'd:

After the ORIGINALS of the Late Incomparable Mr. *John Seddon*.

Perform'd by George Shelley WRITING-MASTER, *at the HAND and PEN in* Warwick-Lane, London.

Supervis'd and Publish'd by Thomas Read, CLERK of St. *Giles's* in the Fields, formerly a Scholar to the said Mr. *SEDDON*.

Sold by *R. Parker*, under the *Piazza Royal-Exchange*; *J. Holland*, at the Bible in *Paul's-Alley*, near St. *Paul's* Church; *B. Lintott*, at the *Temple-Gate*; *J. Dowell*, at the Globe near the *New Exchange*, in the *Strand*. *Anno Dom.* MDCCV. Price 5 s.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

6 Ei

TO THE

READER.

I Think it neceſſary to acquaint the World, what mov'd me to Publiſh this Book; having been a Scholar to the Ingenious Mr. **Seddon**, I was by his care fitted for the Employment of a **Writing-Maſter**, and tho' other Buſineſs call'd me from it for above theſe Twenty Years, yet I ever retain'd a hearty Love to the A R T, and every *Ingenious* Profeſſor of it; and as I had the Happineſs of being Mr. **Seddon**'s Scholar, ſo I had the Honour to be call'd his Friend; So great and boundleſs was his Fancy, and ſo Correct his Judgment in all the **Ornamental** Parts of *Penmanſhip*, that I ſeldom ſaw him, but he ſhew'd me ſomething New, and ſo very Fine, that I was almoſt charm'd with his Performances, and ſtill obſerv'd, that the moſt Ingenious Maſters paid him the moſt Reſpect, and as they thought it no diſgrace to imitate his Performances, ſo they were never aſham'd to own it, from whence I reaſonably believe, that any thing of His muſt be both Uſeful and Delightful to the true **Sons of Art**, which has been my greateſt Motive to the Publiſhing this Book. When Mr. **Seddon** on his Death-Bed bequeath'd me his Remains (being Imperfect,) he deſir'd my care to have them **Perfected**, and tho' I was very ſenſible that the Publiſhing of them would be a great Charge, and treſpaſs too much on the Time I could ill ſpare from my other Buſineſs, yet having no other way of ſerving my **Dear Friend** and *great Maſter* than by endeavouring to preſerve his Memory, I reſolv'd to ſtick at no Difficulty, eſpecially when ſeveral great Maſters (to whom I ſhew'd them) ſaid, it was pity they ſhould be loſt to the World, ſo that now my Buſineſs was to get a **Penman**, that was a Man of good Fancy, and that had a very Correct *Judgment* in all the Hands, that I might render the Book every way compleat, wherefore I apply'd my ſelf to Mr. **Shelley** a Celebrated P E N M A N of the Age, who was ſo generous as to undertake it, and has ſo order'd the **Ornamental** Part, that it flows from the P E N by a ſwift Command of Hand with the greateſt Eaſe imaginable, and ſo Open that they are rendred Strikeable by an *Ordinary Maſter*; he is too Modeſt a Man to ſuffer me to lanch out into any **Commendations** of his Abilities; his performance of all the **Hands** with the Advantageous Turn, that he has given ſeveral of them different from other *Maſters*, ſufficiently demonſtrate to the World, how great a **Penman** he is: That Artiſts may be pleas'd, and others profited is the only Reward propos'd by

Your's,

Thomas Read.

UPON THIS

PERFORMANCE of PENMANSHIP,

A

POEM.

BY

N. TATE Esq; POET-LAUREAT to Her *MAJESTY.*

WHen SOV'RAIN SKILL prepares to take the Field,
Poets their Subsidy of PRAISE *muſt yield.*
It muſt be Levy'd, when ſuch Service calls,
Tho' to ſupport the Tax Parnaſſus *falls:*
Tho' Fancy's Fields are All to Mortgage Set;
And Wit's whole Bank is Broke to pay the Debt.
Thus, SEDDON, *while the Willing Muſe Eſſays*
Thy Merit's mighty Monument to Raiſe,
She's forc't but Deeper in Arrears to run,
And, Rend'ring Thee thy Due, to be Her Self Undone.
O! as ſhe chanc'd, of Late, with happy Grace,
*The * PENCIL's winding Labyrinths to trace,*
May Love or Luck perform the Same Agen,
To Blazon Now the GLORIES *of the PEN.*

* Poem on Her Majeſty's Picture in *Guild-Hall*

AS *Adam* Once, with more than Royal State,
Surrounded by his *EDEN* Subjects ſate;
So *SEDDON*, in a *PARADISE* of Skill,
Amidſt his Charming Creatures of the Quill.
O what a Scene of Wonder and Delight,
At Once to Charm and Captivate the Sight!
Where Life and Ornament together ſtart,
And Nature Smiles in FLOURISHES of ART:
Where Care and Eaſe, where Strength and Beauty join,
Looſe as the Curling Tendrels of the Vine,
All Fancy's wanton Play, yet All CORRECT DESIGN.

But,

But, as in Hieroglyphick Schemes of Old,
Whoſe Myſtery Few Maſters could Unfold,
So *SEDDON*'s Works delightful Wonder drew,
Admir'd by All, but Strikeable by Few.
Adorn'd with rich Invention's utmoſt Coſt,
But ah! almoſt to Uſe and Practice Loſt.
Thus Art in Art's Bewildring Mazes ſlept,
Like Dam'ſel-Fair, in ſtrong Inchantment kept;
Till *SHELLEY*, like another Champion, came
To force the Spell, and free the Beauteous Dame.
The Clue to *SEDDON*'s * Winding Bow'r He got;
The Only Charm to ſolve the Gordian Knot:
And, with ſucceſsful Daring, to expreſs
The Folded Wonders in a Looſer Dreſs.
Yet juſtly careful in the looſen'd Chain,
The Subſtance and the Spirit to Retain;
While Nature puts a ſpritelier Aſpect on,
And Looks as if ſhe felt her Fetters gone;
And Art no more like a Veil'd Beauty ſeen,
But All in Open State as beſt becomes a QUEEN.

* *From Mr. Read.*

What Charming Wonder's That? * A Cloudleſs Moon
Like *Cynthia* rais'd to her Nocturnal Noon;
Her Glories darting on the Dancing Streams,
And Sea-Nymphs catching at her Silver Beams:
No Sultan's Creſcent with Rich Gems beſet,
By half ſo Rich as This of Artful Jet:
O Prodigy of Skill! A Single Page,
But ſuch as would a Curious Eye engage,
And furniſh Contemplation for an Age.

* *The C Copy.*

Great Praiſe and Juſt the Pencil do's aſſume;
But now muſt yield the Pref'rence to the Plume;
Since Painting muſt, in all her Pride, Confeſs
How much her Charms are Owing to her Dreſs.
While aiding Colours, Lights and Shades, Combine
Like ſtrong Allies to ſuccour Her Deſign:
The Penman with the ſingle Help of Skill,
With breathing Figures do's his Landskip fill.
Nature's whole Family, Fiſh, Fowl, Beaſts, Men
Flow from the ſlender River of the PEN.
Struck at a Heat and to Perfection brought;
Scarce Stampt ſo faſt in the quick Mint of Thought.

Strange

Strange Art that can ſo vaſt a Proſpect yield,
Deſcribe and Draw to Life, Dreſs, Plant and Build
With no Materials but a Liquid Thread,
In Regularly Wild *Meander*'s led.
Yet all Delightful as *Elyſian* Streams,
As Lovers Wiſhes, or young Poet's Dreams.
O whither will the ſwelling Scene Extend?
Where will the PEN's Triumphant Progreſs End?
Since This, whoſe Hiſtory would Volumes fill,
Is but a ſingle Province of the QUILL.
The Fence and Out-works of the Writing-Art:
Advanc'd beyond this *Ornamental* Part,
You'll find Another World of Wonders ſtart:
A World that Writing's ſundry Realms contains;
And **SHELLEY* here without a Partner Reigns.

* *The Writing Part of this Book being all Perform'd by him.*

Methinks his various and well-Order'd HANDS,
An Army repreſent of Marſhall'd Bands.
Like a Full Regiment the ROUND appears:
The ſoft *ITALIAN* Troop, young Volunteers:
The firm Ingrolling, German Curiaſſeers:
The neat, looſe, ſuttle *Secretary* ſtrikes
Your wondring Eye, like Ranks of Marching Pikes,
Eager and Pert to meet the Foes Alarms:
The Perpendic'lar PRINT as ſtanding to their Arms:
The Text a dextrous Cavalry: the Court
A ſtout and ſtrong Reſerve that muſt the Reſt ſupport.
How ſound muſt be the Head, how ſure the Hand,
That *Maſterly* theſe Forces can Command?
What Expedition, Symmetry and Art
To Range 'em Right!---- O! 'tis a Gen'ral's Part;
An Exerciſe for Head, and Hand, and Heart.
Deſigning Genius, by Experience taught,
And only to renown'd Perfection brought
By Daily Practice, and by Mid-Night Thought.
Fill'd with Delight the Muſe wou'd now Retreat,
And tell theſe Wonders to her Rural Seat.
But lo! A New and more ſurpriſing Show
Starts up and will not let the Gazer go:
Of ſtately CAPITALS an Alphabetick Row.
On a white Sea, ſee how in State they Ride,
With Rigg and Trimm and all their Naval Pride!

In

In Line of Battel drawn, heark how they Roar
A Loud Defiance to their En'mies Shore.
As *Homer* daign'd each *Grecian* Ship a Name,
Why ſhould our Muſe for Her's not dare the ſame?
Her Fleet of CAPITALS----- Who Leads the Van?
Alpha----- Bleſt Omen! She's Her Royal *ANNE*.
BRITANNIA next preſents, as when in Fight
Sh' Eclips'd the *Gallick* SUN in Smoaky Night.
The *CHARLES* her next; her next the Princely *DANE*,
In all the Guardian Grandeur of the Main. (*FRANCE*.
Then *ENGLAND's Roſe*, with the *Prize*-Flow'r of
Before her Admiral the *GEORGE* Advance.
Theſe Royal Names the Leading Flags ſhould Crown,
And *Britain's* Noble Chiefs the Reſt Renown.
Thus Paramount in *Penmanſhip* ſhould Ride
The Muſes Navy, with Unrival'd Pride;
Of Writing-skill's wide Sea the Sov'raignty aſſume,
And all the Vanquiſht World Strike to the *Britiſh* Plume.
Yet, Gen'rous Muſe, Indulge one Labour yet,
A Theme which Love nor Juſtice can forget:
Art never can the Friend of Art Decline,
The worthy Founder of this choice Deſign:
A Work that, mingling Profit with Delight,
Will Engliſh Youth to Induſtry excite;
And make thoſe ſtrive in Writing to Excel,
Who almoſt Thought it Scandalous to Spell.
Juſt Fame our Trophies of the *Sword* enſures,
And *READ* our Title to the *Plume* ſecures.
Retrieving theſe choice Reliques from the Grave,
A Proof of more than Single Worth he Gave;
For Double Merit in That Act Combin'd,
Juſt to his Friend, and to his Country Kind.
For why within a thankleſs Tomb ſhould Sleep
What Princes Cloſets will be proud to Keep?
'Twere Sacrilege to have in Darkneſs hurl'd
Such Sheets, as ſhould like Sybil's Leaves, be whirl'd,
On Wings of waiting Winds, thro' all the wond'ring World;
Till by th' admiring Univerſe were ſeen
Of *Engliſh* PENMANSHIP the Matchleſs MAGAZINE.

The Penman's Magazine:

Containing the

English French and Italian hands,

After the Best **MODE;**

Adorn'd *with about an Hundred New and Open Figures & Fancies never before Published After the Originals of y Late Incomparable* M.r Seddon

Perform'd

By **George Shelley** Writing-Master

At the Hand and Pen in Warwick Lane London.

Engrav'd by *Joseph Cutting* in Carter-Lane near *S.t Pauls.*

Observ'd and Publish'd

by Thomas Read Clerk

of S.t Giles's in y Fields

Quondam Scholar to

the said M.r Seddon.

To

Madam Anne Madam Dor. Sharpe

Daughters to his Grace

John Lord Arch-Bishop of York &c

So Many and Great are the Obligations I have to His Grace Your Father, and Your whole Family, y^t I am Ambitious to take any Opportunity of a Publick Acknowledgment And Particularly, the Honour I have had of Instructing You in the Art of Writing, Obliges me to Present You with this Work; not Questioning its favourable Acceptance wth Persons of your Ingenuity, Sweetness of Temper, & other Excellent Qualities.

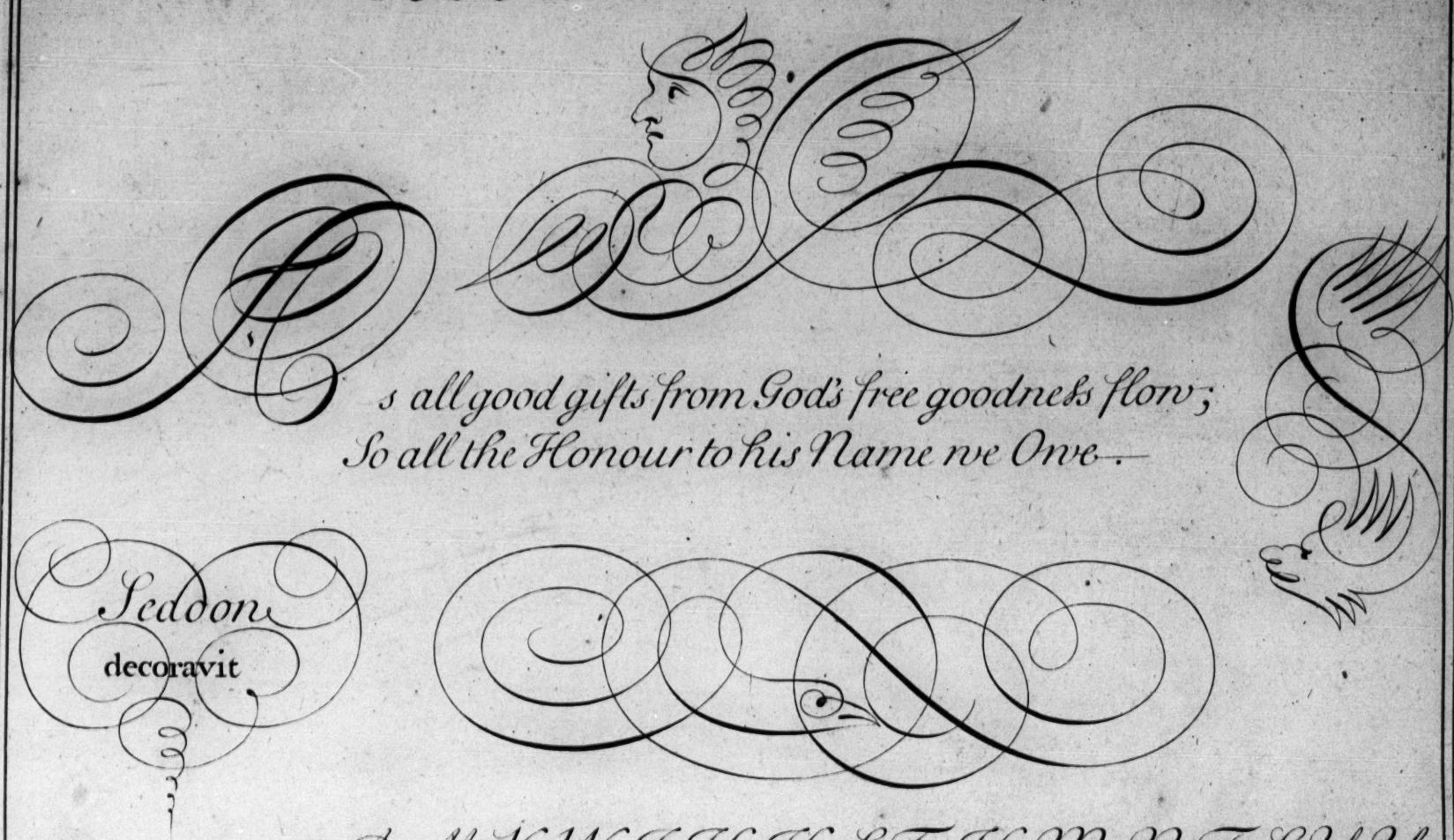
That You may long Continue Comforts to Your Pious Parents, and Patterns of Vertue to Your Sex, is the Hearty Prayer of

Madys,

Your Obliged Servt

Thos Read

CCOODDPPBBRQGQVWXD



s all good gifts from God's free goodness flow;
So all the Honour to his Name we Owe.

Sedgon
decoravit

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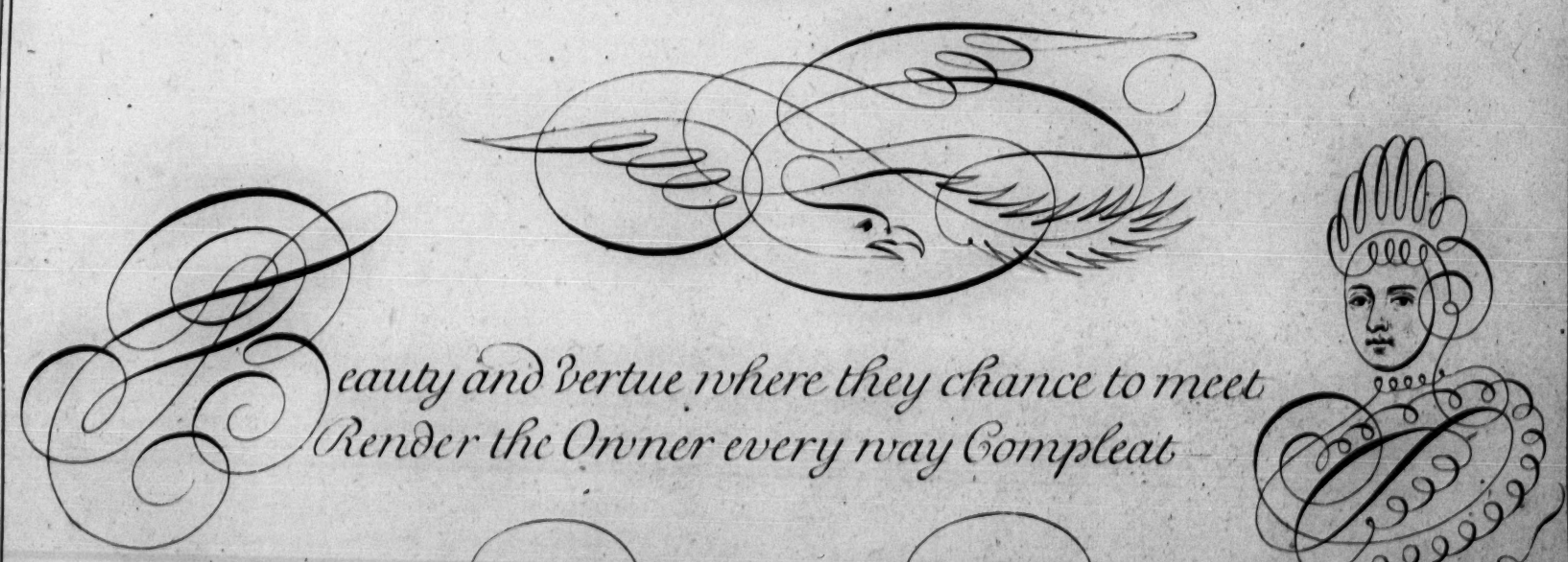
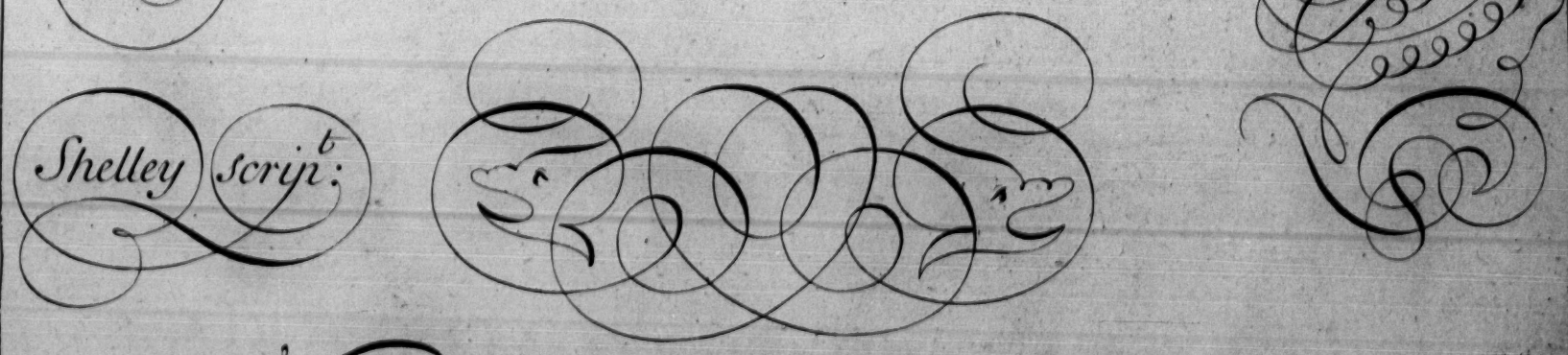
Aaabbbccddeeffffgggghhhiijkkkllmmmnoo



Beauty and Vertue where they chance to meet
Render the Owner every way Compleat

Shelley scrip:



Nnnooppqqqurrsszrsssfstttuvwnwxyyyyyzzz&.

A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Y Z

Condemn not, what thou dost not understand,
Lest thou thy self meet a Just Reprimand.

Shelley
t
ſcrip.

a a m b m c m d m e m f m g m h m i j k m l n o m p m q u m r s m t u m t v m x m y y m z z m & c m

A a æ b c c t d e f f i f f f l g h i k l l l m n o œ p q u r ſ ſ ſ t ſ h
ſ i s t t t u v w x y z &c

hance changes oft'n like the fickle MOON
As ſome advance ſo ſome are ruin'd ſoon.

Nutting
t
ſculp.

Sedoon
Penna Ornavit

ABCDEFGHIKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆ

A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T W X Y Z

Disdain not thy Inferiour; he may be
In inward Gifts of much more worth nr̃ thee.

Seddon decoravit

a a b b c c d d e e e f g h i j k l l l m n o p q u r s t u v n x y y z z

æ æ b c d e f g h h i j k ll l m m

Each moment should remind us of our Last;
Life's but a Light unsafe at every Blast:
And all made Worms meat, when Life once is Past.

Memento Mori

SHELLEY
scrip.t

n n o o p p q q u r s t u v n x y z

Aambmcdmeffgmgmhijjmikkmlmllmmnnooompm

Flee Sloth, ỹ Canker of good men, and Parts, &
Of Health, of Wealth, of Honour, & of Arts.

Seddon
decoravit

oemfgmgmrmremsfsmstmllumvmvmwwmxmyz

Aabmnodeeeffffgiiggkbiijkllmniijmnoo.

Shelley scrip.

Pmnppqqqurssöfttuvvuwxyyzzzzz

Aa Aa Bb Cc Co Cb Dd De ee Ee Ff Ffr Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Ll Mm Nn

Honour is nothing but an empty Name,
Yet he y^t honour wants is much to blame.

Seddon decor.^t

Nn No Oo Pp Pr Qu Qu Rr Ss Ss Tu Ut Ur Uu Vv Ww Xx Xe Yy Yy Zz Zu

Improve each moment of Swift winged Time,
If you aspire in ART to be Sublime.

Shelley scrip.^t

No one be com Ox Ph Qu Se Eu Vn Ws Xe

Aaabbccddeeffgghhiijjkkllllmmnnll

Keep still within thy breast a gratefull mind,
And that's the way to have & keep ffriends kind.

Decoravit
Seddon

Mmmnnooppqqqurrssttuuvvwwxxyyyyzz

A.B.B.C.D.E.F.F.G.G.H.H.I.J.K.K.L

Lawrels and Plenty should fair Virtue grace;
Yet if deny'd, Content supplys the place.

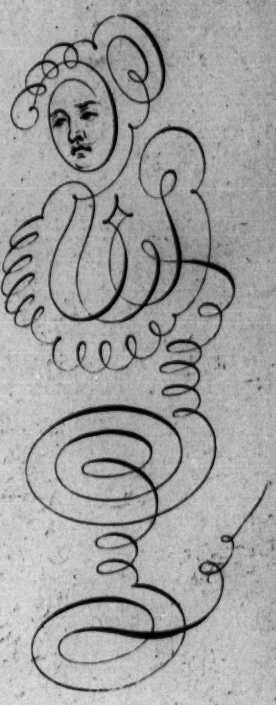
Shelley
scrip.t

M.N.O.P.P.2.R.R.S.S.T.T.U.W.X.Y.Z.

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

Maecenas's dead, now few but Owles Survive,
ART hangs her head, dispairing now to thrive:
In-vain she doth disperse her radient Rays;
The more the Light, the less the Howlets gaze.

Nunc nullus Reperitur Maecenas



SEDDON
decoravit

nmmmmmmmmmmmm

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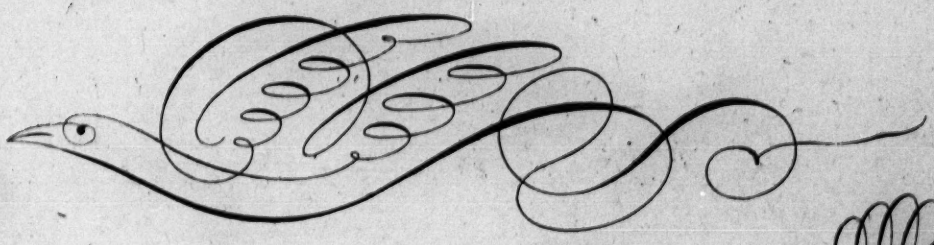

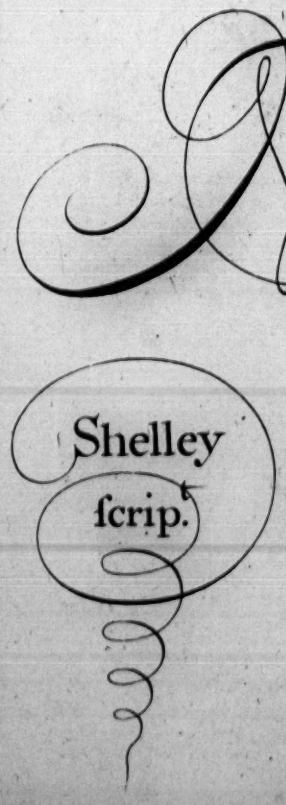

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me Johannem Colt nuper de Ham

Shelley
scrip.

QRSTUVWXYZ

A B B C D E F F G G H H I J K K L

M M N O P P 2 R R S S T T U W X Y Z

Seddon
decorav.t

Aa a r b b r i no^c c co^e d d de d^s D i d e de e e s r e i s f ſſ ſſ r g g h y y y

fcrip.t Shelley

ſ i j k k b l l m m n e o o o p e q q 3 r x s ſo s t ſ t i s u v n w x y y y y z z z

Aaabbccddeeffgghhiijkllmnopqrsſtuvwxyzz

Quit all this outside World can tender you,
Rather than bid your inward Peace adieu.

Seddon
Decoravit

Aabbcdeefghijkllmnopqrſtuvwxyzz

Aabbcddeefghijkllmnopqurstuvwxyyyzz

Seddon
Ornav.t

Riches make vain men Proud, & poor men Vain:
Happy the man that doth ỹ mean Obtain.

Shelley. scrip.t

ABCDEFGHIKLMNOPQRSTWXYZ

AABCDDEFGHIJKLLLM

Some Men are so ambitious to Excell;
They often Spoil ye which before was Well.

Seddon decoravit

MNOPQRRSTUVWXYYZ

Amabmcmdmemfmgmhmimjmkmlmmnnnvr

They who court Honour covet to be Rare;
Tis gain'd by Merrit & 'tis kept by Care.

Shelley scrip.t

Mmnompmqumrmsmtmvmnvmxmymzmz

A B C D E F G H I K L M

Vain Boasters seldom do obtain their end,
Self-praise & lofsing what they do commend.

Decoravit
Seddon

N O P Q R S T W X Y Z.

abcdefghiklmnopqrsſtuvxyz

Here Impiety tyranizes Piety
Sings a requiem and Vertue by
Excommunication's dead in Law

Shelley scrip.

Aabcddeffffggghiklmnopqrsſtuvwyz

ABCDEFGHIKLM

Xenophon esteemed him fortunate, that
had both wealth and wisdom.

Shelley
scrip.t

NOPQRSTUWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIKLM

Youth might be young in Age, if old in Youth;
Experience owns this Maxim for a Truth.

Seddon Decoravit

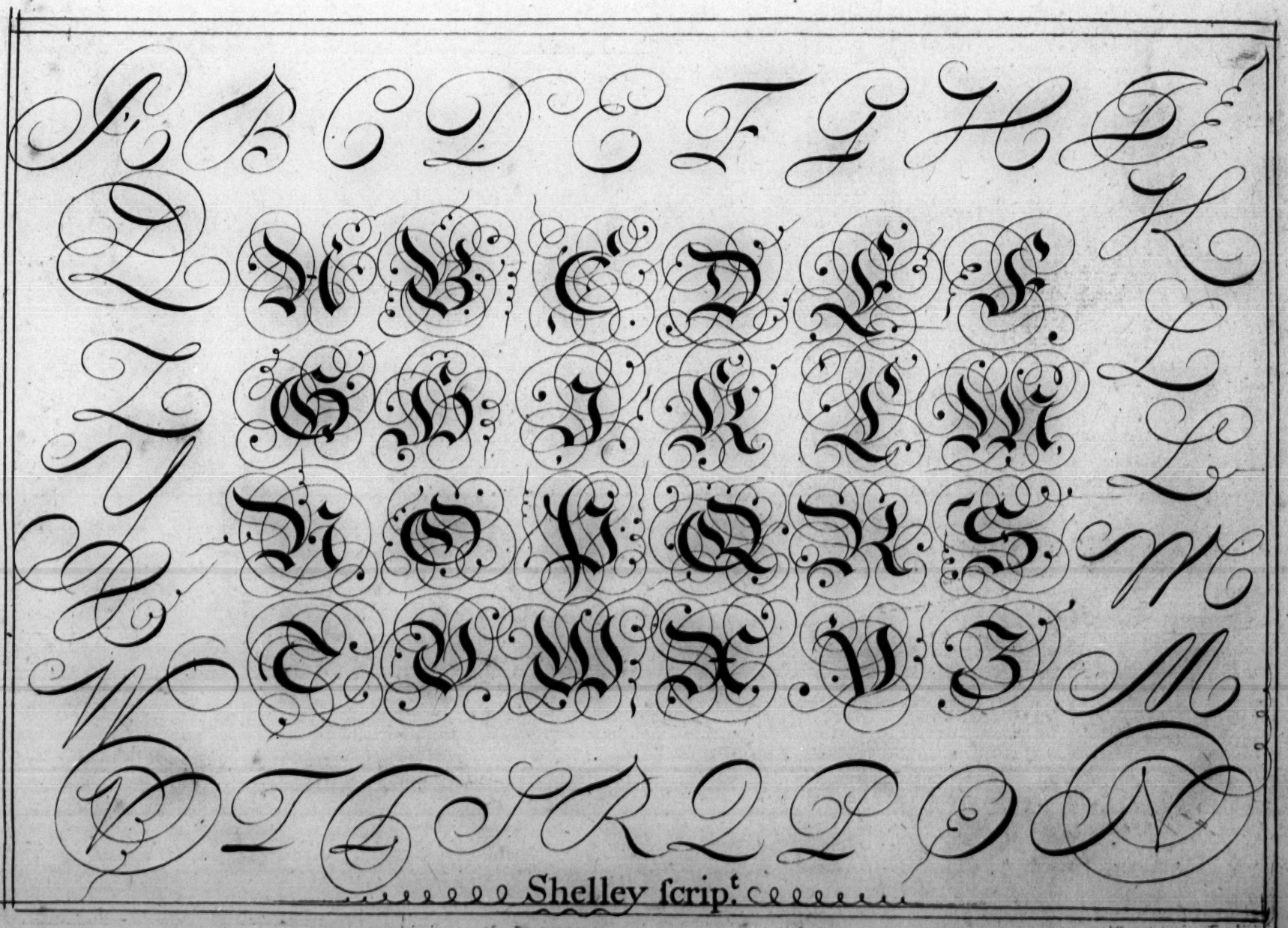
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Zeal should a good cause still support & aid;
But a bad cause much worse by Zeal is made.

SEDDON
decoravit

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ



Shelley scrip.t

Shelley scrip.t

At ye Hand and Pen in Warwick-Lane

WRITING in all ye Hands
Arithmetick in all Parts &
Book-keeping after the
Italian Manner Taught

By George Shelley

AN
EPITAPH
on the late
M.r JOHN SEDDON
Nat: March 10. 1644.
Ob: April 12. 1700 Ætat. 56.
By
M.r John Sinclare
Penman
in London.

Princes by Birth and Politicks bare sway;
But here lyes one of more Command^y^n they:
For they by steady Councils rule a Land,
But y^e^ is HE could Men, Birds, Beasts, comand,
Ev'n by the gentle motion of his HAND.
Then Penmen weep, your mighty loss deplore,
Since ye Great SEDDON can command no more.

Shelley scrip.^t^ *Nutting* sculp.^t^

A B C D E F
G H I K L M
N O P Q R S
T V W X Y Z

Scripsit et Decoravit Shelley

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM